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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 647. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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1918.		COPIES.
June	2	22,747
"	9	86,543
"	16	87,515
"	23	81,748
"	30	81,661
July	7	88,177
"	14	96,370
"	21	104,071
"	28	111,888
Aug.	4	123,407
"	11	133,733
"	18	143,088
"	25	148,120
Sept.	1	157,428
"	8	163,557
"	15	165,737
"	22	172,298
"	29	179,733
Oct.	6	187,573
"	13	236,756

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THE SHORTHAND FOR THE SHORT-HANDED.

In addition, a very interesting development is the way many leading firms and other large organisations are having their untrained war-time clerical staffs taught Dutton's Shorthand in batches. Instances which occur to mind are Messrs. Harrod's and Selfridge's; also the Women's Royal Naval Service and Queen Mary's Auxiliary Army Corps, all of which have selected the Dutton System to be taught to their clerks. Many of these, beginning as novices, were transferred for service as qualified Dutton Stenographers within four to six weeks.

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 647. Week ending Saturday, October 26th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The General Election.

The indifference of the soldier towards politics is one of several factors which are tending to modify the Prime Minister's determination for an early Election. It is just possible that, in the altered circumstances, the present Parliament may run its course—till January.

Soldiers and Politics.

We learn on excellent authority that the scheme for enabling soldiers abroad to vote by Proxy is fizzling out. The various forms which the men are being asked to fill up are simply being thrown away.

The Pope's Opinion.

His Holiness expresses his belief in the sincerity of Germany's peace overtures. Would he also favour us with his views on the *Leinster* outrage?

The Scheldt.

Considering that one bank of this river is Belgian—the other being Dutch—why on earth should not some of our lads take a short trip to Antwerp?

A Mesopotamia Medal.

We must have this, too—in addition to the Gallipoli one, if you please, Lord Milner.

Correct.

"If it cost a Scotch M.P. £1,500,000 to buy a penny paper," says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "he would have to pay £3,000,000 for Mr. Bottomley's *Bull*." He would.

Blandford Camp.

Is it the fact that there are a considerable number of German prisoners in the centre of this Training Camp—occupying the best positions—and living like fighting-cocks?

A Silly Blunder.

It is announced that the distinctive badge just sanctioned for the Labour Corps is not to be worn by the coloured members. What idiot is responsible for *this?*

The Princess and the Prisoners.

We are officially assured that it is not the case that Princess Alice has ever visited German prisoners of war, and that neither at Holyport nor Frimley has Her Royal Highness ever sought permission to do so—her visit to the former Camp being confined to a call upon one of the Officers-in-Charge, whilst at Frimley "she happened to be driving by, with other ladies, when the prisoners arrived."

A Public Defender.

We are all for this appointment. It is an old axiom that better a hundred criminals should escape than that one innocent person should be convicted.

Boy-Soldiers.

We should like Lord Milner to read some of the heartrending letters received by us from bereaved parents whose boys under 19—in defiance of the Premier's undertaking—have been sent to their death in the trenches.

An Apt Title.

According to *National Opinion*, our journal "is doing more for the future welfare of Britain and the Empire than all the paraphernalia of government and organised industry put together." Our contemporary is aptly named.

A Candidate's Pledge.

We suggest that at the coming Election every constituency should insist upon a Statutory Declaration on the part of each candidate that he has no financial or commercial interests of any kind in either Germany or any German undertaking.

Our Latest Crime.

What do you think of this? The German Government has put a price on the head of Louis Raemeakers, and has threatened Sir Owen Seaman (of *Punch*) and ourselves "with the penalties attaching to *Majestätsbeleidigung*. It sounds too terrible!

The Ideal Film Co.

Arising out of our recent references to the composition of this Company, a writ for libel has been issued against the proprietors and publishers of this journal—but not against the Editor. Perhaps, however, it is the intention to proceed against him criminally.

Divorce Reform.

What an enormous number of people are interested in this subject! We fear, however, that there is no chance of the Bill passing during the present Parliament. Some years ago we introduced one on similar lines, but the Government would give it no facilities. You see, there are those Bishops in the Lords!

A Bogus Election.

Writing in praise of his friend, Mr. Leverton Harris, the Patriotic Profiteer—"on whose platform he would be proud to stand"!—Mr. Austen Chamberlain says it is "too much" to ask any busy Minister of the Crown "to fight a contested election." Does that mean that when the Prime Minister asks for "the Will of the People," Ministers are to have a walk-over?

An Appropriate Quotation.

For the Kaiser, from "Macbeth":—

"Turn, Hell-hound, turn;
My voice is in my sword."

That's the stuff to give him!

The Luxury Tax.

So Mr. Bonar Law has thrown it over. It was a stupid thing from the first. A tax on all purchases over a given sum—except of food and certain other things—would meet the case.

The *Leinster*.

Will some M.P. insist on an answer as to whether there were sufficient lifeboats to take the passengers, and whether the Captain's boat, built for 65, was launched with only 12?

Go Steady.

If the women are wise, they will go steady in regard to further political "rights." They are doing very well at the moment, and they should not "hustle." Men are dull dogs, and should not be hurried.

"None So Blind——."

Under a law *passed* in 1913, the German "Imperial War Treasure," stored at Spandau, was trebled. And yet those of us who read the signs of the times and warned the nation were called "scaremongers"!

Heretical Help.

According to *Life of Faith*, "the only paper that persistently voices the men's grievances is JOHN BULL; but the Christian public ought to make it their own business." Rather a double-edged compliment.

Try, Try, Try Again.

In their frantic endeavours to blarney the Allies, the Germans are frequently changing their mouthpieces. We suggest that they try Herr Dove, who was Vice-President of the Reichstag at the outbreak of war.

Glorious Devons.

There can be no harm in now mentioning that glorious stand of the 2nd Devons in May, when the whole Battalion, including a Colonel and 28 officers, died to a man rather than surrender. Surely Devonshire will erect a memorial to their memory.

To the Albert Hall.

All, so far, goes well with the meeting. Remember that Saturday, November 2nd, is the date, and 3 o'clock the time. Health permitting, we hope to have dear old Lord Beresford with us, whilst we are assured of the presence of Mr. Havelock Wilson, *M.P.*, Sir E. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mrs. Dacre Fox.

Bravo, Kenealy!

If anyone wants to know who Mr. Kenealy is, he is the member of the Bedford Board of Guardians who succeeded in shaming his colleagues into restoring the inmates' tobacco allowance. Now Mr. Kenealy has added another feather to his cap. In the teeth of considerable opposition, he has managed to carry a motion pledging the Guardians to have no dealings "with any firm employing enemy alien labour." Well done, Kenealy!

Land—and Water.

We are constantly receiving complaints from land-girls. Here is the latest:—"We have not been supplied with any overcoats. Consider that the winter is fast approaching and we work in wet fields, exposed to all cold winds, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., with nothing warmer than linen smocks and mackintoshs, which are not to be depended on in heavy rain." O, to be a land-girl now that winter's near!

Capital Punishment.

"This will be the last war," thinks Archdeacon Wakeford of Liverpool, "if it is handled properly." And this is how the Archdeacon would handle it at the finish. "A civil tribunal should be set up at the end of the war, and the Kaiser, von Bissing, the murderers of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, and all those accused of murder, should be put to death if found guilty. There should be no privilege for the crowned assassin or the great 'statesman.'" Hats off to the Archdeacon!

A Mysterious Business.

In view of our *possible* return to St. Stephen's at no distant date, we had better be getting our hand in. We therefore beg to ask the Home Secretary whether his attention has been called to certain proceedings at the Plymouth Police Court, wherein it was suggested that instructions had been given to the police that American soldiers guilty of improper behaviour in public were in no circumstances to be arrested; whether such an order has in fact been issued; if so, by whose authority.

The Colonel's Bounty.

Col. Pollock, of Farthings, Horsham, may, or may not, be a great man, but he is no spendthrift. Consider the following missive sent to an applicant:—"Col. Pollock is in need of a young man as under-gardener—need have no previous knowledge of gardening, but must be strong for digging, and willing to do as he is shown. Wages 17s. Will have to find board and lodging for himself." On that salary he will not find them very luxurious. Col. Pollock, to stipulate such miserly terms, must have a brazen gall, and it is perhaps significant that he dubs his house "Farthings."

Clough's Confession.

It is perhaps a belated sign of grace in Mr. William Clough, M.P. for Skipton, that he recognises some of his own views to be "peculiar and even eccentric." But when he says that "the Kaiser and his satellites were inspired by the Devil to bring the terrible calamity of this war on the world," he is using language which might grace an Archbishop; when, however, he speaks of Conscientious Objects as "veritable Daniels" who, with "a clear conscience could defy the whole world," he is talking the kind of rubbish of which he is a practised exponent. Where should we have been—where would Clough have been—if the defence of Britain had rested with the "Conchies"?

"Without Encumbrance."

Torrington Guardians require a Master and a Matron at their Union Workhouse. Their advertisement contains this paragraph:—"A married couple without encumbrance will be preferred." It is not nice to see a public body proclaiming a predilection for the barren, and vetoing fathers and mothers. But Torrington Guardians should not measure the future by the present. To make sure, let them insist that the successful applicants consent to be sterilised by the parish doctor.

Toothsome.

According to an advertisement in the local *Courier* of one Mackenzie Fleming, "authorised agent," of Dundee, the Government have found still another way of winning the war. "Help to End the War" is his slogan. "Government urgently wants old gold and silver jewellery, old false teeth, watches, etc., in any condition. Cash by return." Here's a chance for thousands who have done nothing in the great war. Think of ten million artificial teeth stuck into the Kaiser and Little Willie! For a decisive result, the nail-stricken Hindenburg statue wouldn't be in it.

Kicks for a Dog.

Justice is commonly alleged to be blind; in New Tredegar Police Court she seems to have so bad a squint that she can't put her hat on straight. Witness after witness testified that he saw a dairyman named Evan Williams unmercifully kicking a dog after it had been in a fight with his own. On that point, the whole basis of the cruelty alleged, the evidence was unanimous; yet, without calling upon the defence, the Magistrate dismissed the case, in time for lunch. Though Mr. Evan Williams sells milk for a living he is a deacon by religion, and no doubt returned thanks the next Sunday.

"Angels In Disguise."

So the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate employees style themselves, when in facetious mood—which mood is rare of recent date. For they have a grievance, and a serious one at that. There is in the Department a branch termed "Finance," the duty of which branch is to make up the wages for the week of all Examiners and Viewers. Yet it frequently occurs that the wages are not paid when due, but on the following Monday. This is particularly reprehensible because the Directorate always holds one week's wages in hand. It's rough on the workers these days, when shops close early and often. And the Sunday roast was never intended to be eaten on Tuesday night.

Stanley Stunt at Staines.

The scandalously arbitrary way Mr. Honoratus Lloyd's Committee is playing up the Stanley season-ticket stunt is illustrated by the case of Mr. G. Marshall. In June, 1917, his wife was medically attended for nervous breakdown "brought about through air-raids," and ordered by her doctor to go into the country. Mr. Marshall, who is getting his living in London on work of national importance, then moved to Staines, took out a London and South-Western season ticket, and commenced travelling back and forth. Meanwhile his wife was under frequent attendance of doctors, and when the time came for renewing his season ticket he put their medical certificates before the Lloyd Inquisition. All to no purpose. Messrs. Honoratus Lloyd and Co. refused the application—and there an end.

A Stingy Saving.

It seems mean cheeseparing to fine, by a new rule, Government clerks 7s. 6d. a week should they ever be absent through illness, although justified by doctor's order and certificate. Girl clerks, for instance, are not overpaid, and when really ill they need more money, not less. We would mulct the absent without cause, but not the sick and needy.

A Black Disgrace.

Mr. A. H. Hucklesby and Mr. S. Rice were right. It was a scandal. And the majority of the Bench at the Hartismere Petty Sessions were brutes. To turn out the wife of a soldier and five children (ranging from 12 years to 3½) was a black shame—even though Mr. Parkes, of Wortham, wanted the house for a horseman. If things are like that now, what will they be after the war?

Mother and Sons.

A lady, fourteen years a widow, has brought up a large family, by dint of hard struggles. Three of her boys are now in the Army. The total allotment money she receives is 6s. 2d., towards which one boy pays 4d. a day. On account of the other two she receives not a penny, because she cannot prove she was actually "dependent" on them. It is sorry recompense for long years of toil.

Buns for Huns.

Oh, happy German prisoners,
If onward ye would tread
To earn an extra ten-and-six
Above your board and bed,
Go down to Coggeshall, Essex,
And work upon a farm,
And do your bit to fight the fire
When they sound the fire-alarm.
But don't you say we told you
Nor hint it takes the bun;
They do not give half thick'uns
To the lads who fight the Hun.

Where are the Goods?

A soldier tells us that on May 10th, while in France, he made application for four War Savings Certificates. The Controller of the Savings Bank duly debited him £3 2s., but the Certificates haven't yet arrived. "We are all urged on the other side to invest our small credits," comments the Lance-Corporal, "but it seems as difficult to get the Certificates when paid for as it will be for the Kaiser to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." If anybody at the Treasury is using other people's War Savings Certificates as a seat cushion through a brain storm or a slip of memory, he should get off and let the forwarding department do its duty.

Marylebone "Justice."

Whoever was in the seat of judgment at Marylebone when an employee of the Great Western Railway was brought before him—the accredited Magistrate is Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt—can take it from us that he ought to be severely dealt with for his decision. Buller's offence was that of stealing eighteen penn'orth of glucose. He had been in gaol for a week; he had, so his advocate said, thirty-eight years' good character; and the Magistrate knew that if he were convicted he would lose a pension of 7s. a week. This notwithstanding, he was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. As justice it is a grinning caricature, and we hope it will grin at the bed-end of this Marylebone Cadi for many moons.

"Home-life Economy."

"A member of my family bought this at the Home-life Economy Exhibition, Colston Hall," writes a Bristol man. It is a picture postcard of Monaco, "printed at our works in Germany" by Hildesheimer and Co., Ltd. "We did not notice it was of Germhun origin until our arrival home, when the remainder were immediately put into the fire." The organisers of the Home-life Economy Exhibition must have been blind also; or have a tile loose.

Discharged Without Pension.

"I am a discharged Waac, having injured my arm whilst working in France, but I have been refused a pension on the ground that my arm was injured before I joined"—so writes a girl who was passed "medically fit" by the Government doctors. Who is to blame—the authorities who refuse to grant a pension, or the doctors who passed the recruit as fit for service? It's a nasty whack for the girl.

Not So Small!

Apart from the distribution of modest 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. dividends, with bonus, on the several classes of shares, the Birmingham Small Arms Co. have capitalised £1,150,473, "part" of the general reserve, by the issue to shareholders of 1,150,473 £1 shares credited as fully paid. This is the second time since the war that this Lewis gun and munitions firm have distributed a large sum in capital to the shareholders; and, on the face of things, the explanation is that the Directors are camouflaging profits into capital.

Next Door to the Doctor.

Lady dispensers in military hospitals are paid 38s. 6d. a week, all told. And they work seven days a week. We believe lady clerks at the counter of provincial Post Offices are paid as much—or as little—for six days. Considering the nature of dispensing work, when life or death may depend on the handling of a bottle, the emolument seems grotesquely inadequate.

Collared.

Our paragraph "Shirty," re the extra charges for doing nothing which the Dunbartonshire Laundry add to their bills, induces half-a-hundred customers of other laundries to inform us that they are similarly collared. One of the bills sent out by the Windsor Laundry shows an added charge of 11d. on 2s. 7½d. Here it is explained as a 33⅓ per cent. addition. All said, therefore, the laundries are quite *à la mode*. They are merely collecting a war bonus whether you like it or not.

"Jack Jones's" Complaint.

Covent Garden porters are beginning to lament the passing of the Duke and the beginning of the new control. Their empty barrows are now forbidden to be taken in for loading; every package must be carried by the man. Obviously he must earn less, while the man who has to carry a cwt. sack of potatoes, instead of wheeling it, is grievously overburdened. It is wrong that an ancient, innocent privilege should be arbitrarily and wantonly abolished by the new people.

Police Pensions.

Old pensioned policemen, tottering through their later years on something less than £1 per week for self and wife, will not be cheered by the official view of their case. It is that their pensions were fixed by the Police Act, 1890, and cannot be altered except by Parliament. Every pensioner feeling the stress should at once lay his case before his M.P.

The Noble Nurses.

At one war hospital rank injustice is dealt out to military nurses. This is the Brook Hospital, Shooter's Hill. People there whose pay is £60 or £40 a year receive a bonus of £7 10s. The nurses drawing a lower salary receive no bonus. The unfairness of the situation is apparent, and those big-souled women who work their hardest in devotion to the soldiers are justified in condemning the inequality of the system, which very possibly rules in other similar institutions.

Eyewash for Girls.

More from the Q.M.A.A. Corps: When the girls join up, so the news is from Catterick, various promises are made to them, many of which, it is alleged, are mere eyewash. One of the girls recently received a telegram stating that her father was dead. She asked for leave—and it was granted on condition that she could find the money for her full fare. As she had helped to support her father out of her 10s. 4d. a week wages, she had not the amount. Why should there not be special free passes issued in such emergency cases.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Newton.

MY LORD,—If you publish without delay a full Black List to date of the known names of the German camp-commanders "and others responsible for the inhuman treatment" of the bone of our bone and the flesh of our flesh in Germhuny, I shall be willing to count this at least unto you for righteousness, and against your dilatory action in the past. As peace will soon be with us, I should like to know in good time how many ropes are likely to be wanted. I will find the hangmen. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Robert Smillie, President, Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

DEAR MR. SMILLIE,—Who is August Siegel, whom you have taken under your wing and in whose fate you are so interested as to have uttered a vehement protest against his proposed repatriation? There is good reason to believe that Herr Siegel has been in touch with official circles in Berlin—on one occasion, it appears, he was the guest of the Kaiser—and his conduct in this country has given just cause for suspicion. You owe it to your position to be a lot more careful in the choice of your friends.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard, Rector, St. Thomas's, Birmingham.

DEAR REVEREND,—It appears that you are leaving the Parish of St. Thomas, and I see that some of your lady admirers are having a whip round to present you with a parting gift. I wonder how many of your parishioners have forgotten that disgraceful episode of a few months ago, when you cruelly persecuted a young soldier and his sweetheart who had incurred the responsibility of parentage without the blessing of the Church. On the whole, I cannot blame you for leaving St. Thomas's; but I venture to express the hope that before you bob up in another parish you may have learned the rudiments of Christian charity. Now run away! JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Jerry Lane, Cork Town Council.

DEAR JERRY,—I don't believe you really love your namesake, though you try to make me think so. And, when you say you are loth to believe that the sinking of the *Leinster* was the work of the Germans "*or the English*" (Oh, Jerry!) and that until you get good evidence that a U-boat did it you want "to throw a cloak of charity over it," I know you don't want that cloak to cover a ghastly crime. Only you've an unfortunate way with you, Jerry. JOHN BULL.

To G. R. Denman, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Marlborough Street Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—Only the other day I had to call attention to the gross unfairness perpetrated in your Court—unreproved by you—a police officer being allowed to say that a prisoner who denied his guilt and elected to go for trial had been previously convicted. I observe you are still permitting this gross outrage upon the spirit of our ancient laws. *Can't* you see that, in these days of newspapers, any jury which ultimately decides the fate of these men cannot but have upon it members who are, through your laxity, aware of the prior slips, and therefore prejudiced against the accused? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis, Powis Castle, Welshpool.

DEAR LORD POWIS,—I see your agent, Mr. J. Edmonds, has been doing a bit of chin-wagging on his own. His ideas appear to me too truly rural for anything. He doesn't believe in bath-rooms in cottages; hip baths, says he, are "quite sufficient for the working class"—prefers two rooms to three; and "the most comfortable cottages he has built have no front door." On this showing, the betting is a six-penny-ha'penny egg to a baron coupon that this lofty-brained and noble-minded architect of the humanities hasn't been building 'em to live in himself, my Lord—and you can take it from me I'm the layer every time. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Huntingdon Borough Tribunal.

WORTHY SIR,—Do you employ a parrot to say "Six months' exemption"? It would seem so from the number of fit young men, doing odd sorts of odds and ends, to whom you give the amount of rope. Even though the war's nearly over, there are lots of Huntingdon men in the Army who followed just as essential occupations, and have got crocked up pretty considerably. If you drafted some of your pets in, the veterans could get out. Look to it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. McKean, Credit Draper, Waterloo Road Wolverhampton.

DEAR TALLYMAN,—I don't like your style. In any case, I have a strong objection to the "blue frighteners," sent through the post with a halfpenny stamp, with which traders of your type are wont to intimidate backward debtors—and when it comes to dunning a soldier's wife in this fashion for a debt of 1s. 6d., threatening, "as per usual, to subpœna her employer as a witness to prove the amount of wages she is and has been earning," I am bound to enter an emphatic protest. JOHN BULL.

To Alfred Cox, Esq., M.B., Secretary, British Medical Association.

SIR,—I find myself in hearty agreement with Mr. Justice McCardie in his condemnation of the abominably arbitrary action of your Coventry branch in their boycott of other doctors. As a witness in the case, you assumed—as you usually do—an attitude of supercilious intolerance towards any principles governing the conduct of medical men in their daily labours other than those imposed by the British Medical Association—which I assume will have to find the damages of £1,000 awarded to Dr. Bayley, £700 to Dr. Holmes, and £700 to Dr. Pratt for the flagrant, malicious conspiracy of which Dr. Lowman, Dr. Pickup, Dr. Orton, and Dr. Webb Fowler made them the victims. Let the Association learn the lesson, sir. It will be worth their while—and yours. JOHN BULL.

CRYSTAL PALACE DEATH-TRAP.

MANY MYSTERIOUS FATALITIES IN THE R.N.V.R.—THE GOVERNMENT MUST ACT.

WE intend to write quite frankly about what is happening in the great glass-house at Sydenham. A fortnight ago we called for an Inquiry into the mysterious deaths in the Portsmouth Naval Barracks. So far there has been no official response. Yet in the interval many a sorrowing parent has written to us in thanks for our revelations and joining in the request for investigation. And now comes this more grievous story of disease and death at the Crystal Palace, where some five thousand men are under glass. For the moment we will not stop to inquire into the suitability of the Palace for a huge barracks, but will deal with the facts as we know them.

Here is an extract from one of many letters we have received:—"My nephew, who had been studying for service in the Wireless Telegraphy Section of the R.N.V.R., was ordered to report at the Palace on September 24th. At the time he was in perfect health, aged 17½ years, cheerful, and anxious to undertake the duties allotted to him. He had been there less than a fortnight when he was taken ill with double pneumonia . . . and on October 8th the poor boy passed away. Inquiries elicited the fact that four boys had died from pneumonia on that day in the same hospital, and that the day's record of fatal cases in the London hospitals of patients from the Crystal Palace was 35, also that there were 350 cases at the time from the Crystal Palace in various London hospitals." The extract we have given is from a Nottingham correspondent. Here is one from a reader in Somerset:—"My son Donald Burgess, 17 years 8 months, proceeded to the Crystal Palace on September 22nd to train as a wireless operator. He left home in perfect health. *He was vaccinated* on or about the 26th. The following Tuesday he was taken sick whilst at drill, but was compelled to continue his drill. On the Thursday, after getting out of his hammock, he collapsed on the floor. He was detained at the Palace till Sunday night, when he was removed to the 4th London General Hospital. My wife and self reached the hospital on the Monday afternoon, and found our boy in a state of collapse. He died at 9 a.m. on the Tuesday. Whilst by his bedside we saw four others from the Crystal Palace, of about the same age, die, and more were being brought in. This was only in a small ward of about 40 beds, the other patients being convalescent soldiers. The cause of death verbally given to me and other parents was pneumonia."

As there are thousands of parents who look to JOHN BULL to stand between their sons and anything like callousness or incompetence, we deem it a public duty to make known the truth as to what is happening at the Crystal Palace. When we have the testimony of an officer in the transport service that when he went to the Registrar to get a burial certificate for his own son who had died there, he was told by that official that that was the thirteenth certificate he had given that day for the same illness—"acute pneumonia"—it is surely time hush methods were discarded by the authorities and a frank statement of what is happening was made public. What adds to the mystery and enhances the need for an immediate and searching Inquiry is that many of the parents attribute death to poisoning by inoculation. Surely if this be the fact—and we know many post-mortem examinations have been held—it is time something was done. There are those who are violently opposed to the use of lymph and serums, but public opinion has been overborne by the testimony of immunity through inoculation during the war. Still, if instead of safeguarding life, inoculation merely has the result of hastening death, then in God's name put an end to it at once!

And then there arises this question—the fitness of the Palace for the housing of five thousand young fellows. Let us quote another letter: "One of the sailors said there was no standing place at the Crystal Palace which was free from draughts. No complaint is attached to the doctors and nurses, who are most skilled, kind, and sympathetic—nor to the staff at the C.P., who openly condemn the structure under which the boys are trained. The evil lies in the fact that youths are taken from comfortable homes, where proper conditions prevail, and are suddenly subjected to training and physical exposure in a cold, draughty and altogether unsuitable building—*their vitality having been lowered in the first instance* by the blood poisoning process of vaccination or inoculation—and drilled and exercised in the lightest clothing. Then when their temperature rises and they are physically unable to 'carry on,' they are sent to hospital; many, however, succumb before removal. It is a national disgrace that this should be allowed to continue. The Crystal Palace is a veritable death-trap to the boys of the R.N.V.R., who cheerfully offer themselves for the defence of home and country."

We look to the Government to act at once, and to some member of the House of Commons, who is more concerned for the lives of our lads than for Party bickering, to bring this scandal forth into the limelight. We know there is a bludgeon, facetiously christened "Dora," which is poised above the head of every journalist who has the courage to tell the truth. We need hardly say we care nothing for threats where the public welfare and human lives are concerned. Our advice to the Admiralty is to clear out our boys from the Sydenham death-trap and to shut up the great glass monstrosity, which has too long been a monument to a German prince who in days gone by stood too near the British throne.

MILK PRICES AND FOOD CONTROL.

FLUENT FLIM-FLAM AND PETULANT POSTURES.

Recently Mr. Clynes has shown rather a disposition to squeal whenever he or his Ministry is adversely handled. Though we are going to criticise him again now, that is no reason why he should not keep his hair on. On the milk question the Food Control has always been ramped. The present price of milk is nothing more than daylight robbery. As a Stockport reader puts it to us, "The farmers among themselves are chuckling over the way the public and the Food Control people are being gulled. You can hear them boasting about making as much in a fortnight now as they were making a month before." In the winter of 1914-15 milk was 10d. an imperial gallon, four quarts; now, under Mr. Clynes, the price has jumped to 2s. 3d. a gallon. To the consumer—to the mother with children, often delicate children—milk is at 9d. a quart now. So it is to continue for two months longer; then the price will be 10d. a quart. Not all the fluent flim-flam of Mr. Clynes and his Food Ministry can justify that unconscionable imposition. It is computed by Mr. D. E. Davies—a practical dairy expert of unchallengeable authority—that on the average basis of 3 gallons a day per cow, the milk farmer with 100 cows has improved his position since August, 1914, to the extent of £183 15s. a week—a four weeks' advantage of £735; a 52 weeks' advantage of £9,555—over and above his profits of 1914. The farmer himself did not expect such high prices as those he now obtains, though he was out for all he could get. We do not call this Food Controlling. The Government should find Mr. Clynes another name.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

BLACKBURN STILL BATTENING ON THE BLIND.

Blackburn of Brixton is moving to larger premises at Bessborough Gardens, S.W. For why? to use the vernacular. Because "Nothing succeeds like success." The board set up outside Blackburn's Brixton premises—and a very big board it is—fairly shouts it at us. And what is Blackburn's success that succeeds so well? Is it that last year he was able to hand over £467 for the relief of the blind, out of subscriptions which appear to have totalled £2,000? We may be even underestimating Blackburn's good work, for it seems that he is careless of figures, and that "nothing that could be called a balance-sheet has ever been issued, and no materials are in existence upon which one could be made." Mr. Leycester, the Magistrate at Lambeth Police Court, said it was impossible to tell from the books "whether the Blind Aid Society had really accounted for all the money it had received." Yet it was specifically stated that collectors were paid £544, expenses absorbed £650, and the balance of £339 was held over for the purpose of buying an annuity of £300 for the philanthropic Blackburn. Blind aid indeed! It strikes us that the benefits of this blind fund are dispensed in a very wideawake manner. The expenses are—as of course they should be—there is a nice little sum for the founder, the collectors are suitably recompensed, and some 150 blind persons receive monthly doles of 4s. or 5s.—per head, mark you, not split up between 'em. Yet there are those who will have nothing to do with the Blind Aid Society, preferring to send their subscriptions to St. Dunstan's. And they are well advised, in all the circumstances we have named.

BITTER INJUSTICE.

HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF A WAR VICTIM.

We venture to make a very earnest appeal to the Manchester Corporation on behalf of Miss Susan Dagnall, a young lady formerly in their employment at the Chorlton and Ardwick Library. Always in delicate health, the loss of two brothers—one killed on H.M.S. *Majestic* and the other dying as a result of the hardships of camp life—added to the bereavement occasioned by the sudden death of her mother, has proved too much for her frail organism, and at the age of 26 the poor girl has been overtaken by a form of paralysis, destroying her capacity for any but the lightest employment. With the aid of a stick, however, Miss Dagnall was able to hobble about her duties at the Library, and she was but ill-prepared for the harsh—we had almost said brutal—action of the Libraries Committee, who a few months ago served her with notice of dismissal after 12 years' service, without a thought or care apparently for the cruel hardship of her position. It may, perhaps, be useless to plead with the Manchester Corporation for charity, but it seems that in all the circumstances the afflicted girl has a sound legal claim to at least a modicum of redress. She is permanently incapacitated for useful employment, and by the express terms of the National Insurance Act, the Corporation are bound either to pay her 5s. a week till the age of 70, or else to deposit the capital sum necessary to bring her into benefit under the State scheme. An appeal for this meagre right has been made by the unhappy girl, but so far the answer is "silence." What more they shall do to relieve the poor girl's distress is a matter for their consciences, but their duty is clear.

LOST IN THE DESERT!

The Golden Sun sinks "in the West."

"CONSCIENCE MONEY" AND SACRIFICE.

CONTRASTS IN PATRIOTISM AND GRATITUDE.

Our story of the "Conchy's" mother who was proud of herself because she received 12s. 6d. a week maintenance money, Government payment on behalf of her darling child, has brought a whole bagful of indignant letters. Consider what another mother tells us. "If," she says, "he had been a brave British Tar who had helped to save this country from a Germhun invasion at the first rush of the war, and who had faced the storms and perils of the North Sea for four long, weary years night and day, and had even to face death almost daily to guard the food brought across to feed the 'Conchy,' and all such like, his mother would have got nothing. Such is the reward of patriotism." Such, indeed!

And then we have the touching story of a Stoke-on-Trent woman, the mother of four sons—the eldest tuberculous, with a wife and three children to support; the second, one of Kitchener's "Contemptible Army," wounded in 1914, and still fighting in France; the third, an Army Reservist, also wounded in 1914, and now stationed at Ipswich; the fourth, in the Navy at the outbreak of war, fell a Jutland victim. You would suppose that the country would be not only grateful, but generous to the mother of such sons. How has she been treated? In November, 1916, she was left a widow, dependent on the three sons still alive. An allowance from the Army authorities was denied on the ground that her boys were not living with her on the outbreak of war. She is receiving 3s. 6d. weekly from each of the two sons at present in the Army, the Chief of the Cash Box carefully deducting the amount from their pay. Every effort has been made to induce the authorites to reconsider their decision, but the poor woman might as well try to get butter out of a dog's throat as any money out of the Army. The official bar to an allowance in her case and that of others is a mere shuffle. Every case should be taken on its merits. The test ought to be whether the mother is actually dependent and to what extent. That point settled, it is worse than an affront to patriotism—it is abominable ingratitude and callous insensibility—to refuse to grant adequate maintenance.

HOLMES AND THE HOMELESS.

CRUEL EVICTION BY THE VICAR OF TYNEMOUTH.

If the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Vicar of Tynemouth, were a Christian, we should appeal to his profession as a Christian priest. But as plainly he is none, we appeal to the citizens of Tynemouth to protect the victims of his tyranny. James Robson and his wife received 3s. a week and coal and gas, and had the use of two unfurnished rooms, for acting as caretaker at the Preston Mission House and looking after the unmarried Curate. Mr. Robson earned the rest of his keep as a brassfitter in a munition works. This went on for 15 months, and then Holmes took it into his head to have a married Curate, and gave Robson notice to quit. Thereupon the latter put down his name at seven estate offices, and made 78 applications for houses, but could not get even an unfurnished room. So he came to the Court, and the local Magistrates, members of the Vicar's flock, gave him the Order of the Boot. The legality of the Order seems doubtful. The execution of it by the Vicar was barbarous in its Hunnishness.

Robson's goods were put out on the street in a storm of rain. And there Tynemouth was able to see them on the Sunday morning, while the Vicar and his new Curate were asking forgiveness for us "miserable sinners." It may be added that Mrs. Robson was ill, her husband out of work pending an operation, and that he could not find even a stable into which he could pack his things. His furniture was mostly spoiled by the weather. And meanwhile, the upstairs rooms of the house he had vacated remained empty. Although Robson at last found a refuge, it was in no way due to the offices of his reverend evictor, who throughout treated the whole matter with the greatest indifference to the sufferings of his ex-servants. For all he seems to have cared, they might have perished—he was determined to have his "pound of flesh." Holmes, Vicar of Tynemouth, a man of military age, has a large house for himself and his little girl. We are sure he reads with unction the sacred words: "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," and that the local Magistrates say "Amen." But what the Devil is the Tynemouth Housing Council doing?

ANOTHER AMBULANCE SCANDAL.

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE" AT SOUTHSEA.

Picture a poor, distracted mother at Southsea, her husband at the Front, her four little children ill at home. One was dying, a second might be saved by prompt attention at the hospital. She telephoned for the police ambulance. When it came, the child most sick had just breathed its last. And picture, then, the woman's despair when a guinea was demanded for the use of the ambulance for the other child—a sum which she, only a soldier's wife, did not possess. It would be almost unbelievable had not such a shameful thing happened recently at Brighton also. The wicked truth remains that at Southsea the use of the ambulance was refused when the money could not be paid. Instead of mercifully conveying the child to the hospital, the vehicle was taken away empty. Yet this ambulance is a public one, maintained by public money!

A VANISHED SYNDICATE.

THE HISTORY OF A WAR SPECULATION.

Readers with good memories may recall those mushroom organisations, the "Voluntary Recruiting League" and the "War Organisation Committee," promoted by Mr. Henry Allen Ashton in the early stages of the war. In order to raise funds for the Committee—which, in some vague way, was to assist disabled soldiers—he instituted a cadging competition, the first prize to consist of a Freehold Bungalow. As might have been expected, however, the Bungalow Contest was a failure. By this time the promoter had established relations with a Mr. Alexander Hubbard, described as the inventor of a very wonderful new projectile, called "Petronite," and the next stage in Mr. Ashton's plan of campaign was the formation of a Petronite Syndicate, with a proportion of shares to be allotted as compensation to the disappointed competitors in the Bungalow Contest. This was in 1916, and it was then understood that Mr. Hubbard had good hopes of disposing of his invention to the French Government. Recent inquiries indicate that the principal promoters of the "Petronite" scheme have one by one disappeared, leaving very few traces. The only advice we can offer the subscribers is that they should write off their losses and avoid financial speculation until their wisdom-teeth are cut.

MOTHER AND RED-TAPE WORM.

HUNGRY CHILDREN MUST GO TO SCHOOL.

She is only a poor woman of Inverness, summoned before the Attendance Committee of the Inverness School Board for not sending one of her children to school. Only a poor woman, whose husband has been for seven years in an asylum—and yet she cannot get parish relief. The child had been kept back from school because the mother had no boots for it. Now boots have somehow been provided. But no food. Still, the children must all go to school. Though their bodies starve, their minds must be stored with useful information. Sobbing, the woman cried: "I have no food for them." And the Convener politely replied she must go to her Parish Council and explain the case. As a matter of fact she has applied to her parish, and so has the Inverness Out-door Inspector, but there has been no reply. And there seems to be nobody to issue an Order against the Contin Parish Council to attend to its business. The one important thing is that the children of the mother should know the rivers of Scotland and England and the exports from Timbuctoo. Oh, hypocrite, with your sorrow that children should have to go to school breakfastless, and your red-tape rules that bind your eyes and strangle your human sympathy! Could you not see that here was a woman that needed help—that your order for her children was a mockery of justice?

PEOPLE VERSUS

Destroy the Beast—Hand Over the Kaiser—H

By H

LET us cease to talk of war. Whilst Foch and Haig and Pershing are putting the finishing touches to the operations in the field—and Beatty is "standing by," ready for any emergency, on sea—let us talk of Peace. In other words, what are our terms for allowing Germany, in any form, to remain on the map of Europe? That is the only question now to be settled, and we, the People of Britain, will settle it for ourselves, so far as our own interests are concerned—leaving it to the democracies of our Allies to adopt a similar course. But we haven't a moment to spare. Unless we are alert, we shall find that whilst our dearest and best are falling in their thousands in these last days of the war, the gentlemen in the black coats are taking the credit for their glorious deeds, and have gone behind our backs and bartered away the blood of our heroes. "We have no quarrel with the German people"—they will declare—"our quarrel is with the system." And they will let the blonde brutes of Middle Europe loose upon the world once more, to procreate their lustful and bloody breed and pollute the human race with their lewd, coarse and savage strain. The People's Mandate is—Destroy the Beast! And that is the purpose of my present campaign. "We do not desire the Unconditional Surrender of the German people," said Mr. Churchill the other day. Don't we! For all practical purposes, the German people are the German Army—take that away and only the women and children, and a few old men, are left. But, all the same, we will begin with the Kaiser.

Hand Over the Kaiser.

I was the first to proclaim the fundamental condition of settlement—No peace with the Hohenzollern; which, like so many of this journal's suggestions, has become by now a commonplace of political parlance. But I give the words a somewhat different meaning from that generally attached to them. I am not to be bluffed by the sudden conversion of Germany to the principles of free and democratic government. "Democracies made to order"—to meet the views of President Wilson—that won't do for *me*. Behind it all I discern the sinister hand and the withered arm of the Kaiser. Even his abdication would not deceive me. *He must be handed over*—to be held as hostage, pending trial. And at his side, in the dock, must stand all his principal confederates in crime. Shall it be said that, in the Day of Reckoning, this great and mighty Empire of ours, which at the call of Humanity discarded its ploughshares for the sword, converted its forges from the peaceful pursuits of commerce to the grim purposes of war, and gave a million of its noblest lives—shall it be said that, giants and gods in war, we were craven and cowards in Peace? "The German People," forsooth! How, when and where have they ever dissociated themselves from the Kaiser and his villainies? It is too late to pretend to do so now that they are beaten, and the game is up. And whilst they must be sentenced to redeem by the sweat of their toil the precious treasure we have poured out in this struggle for Freedom and Right, their War Lords must pay with their heads for the blood *we* have lost. That, and that only, is the way to end war for all time. Be weak and hesitating now—listen to slobbery sentimentality about mercy and forgiveness—and as sure as Heaven is above us, you will have another war, more terrible even than this has been, in a generation's time. Thus would you be an accessory before the fact to the slaughter and torture and outrage of your children and their children—and the curse of Cain would be upon you. *That* is what I want the People of this country to realise. Before the bells ring out their peals of joy, let them toll for the lost souls—rendered up to the Devil by the stern decree of a righteous God—of the murderers of our sons and brothers, husbands and fathers. Remember what we risked—our Empire, our country, our homes, our liberties, our lives, our all—to rid the world of this monster—who had stalked the earth for forty years, seeking whom he might devour. And now that we have him by the throat, shall we allow him to escape? Not whilst that British boy lies sleeping in France or Flanders!

Huns to be Hanged.

Well, apart from the Kaiser, there is a goodly list available of German war-criminals qualified for the hangman. Here are some of them:—

Von Hindenburg: As Commander-in-chief in East Prussia, ordered that bread which had been found soaked in paraffin should be given as food to the Russian prisoners. Being at Roisel (Somme) on the 10th of March, 1917, gave the order that everything should be destroyed, burnt and pillaged in the regions which the barbarians were about to evacuate. Was responsible for the violation of tombs at Carlepont, Candor and Roiglise in March, 1917.

Von Mackensen: Responsible for thefts, incendiarism and the execution of notables and peasants in Roumania. Ordered about 1,000 Roumanian children, from ten to seventeen years of age, to be shot, on the ground that they had conspired against him. Stole £10,000,000 in the occupied parts of Roumania.

Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria: Massacred and hanged civilians in Russian Poland in 1915. Is responsible for the deportations of Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing, accomplished with the help of Von Graevenitz, Military Governor of Lille. Connived at the theft of money from the deportees.

Von Fleck: Stole the provisions supplied to the inhabitants of Ham by the Spanish-American Relief Committee. Stole the furniture of the house in which he had lived at Ham.

Von Schubert: Shelled a number of old men, women and children whom he had collected in the hospital at Brouage, on the ground that they were "useless mouths." Caused thirty-one girls to be carried off and placed at the disposal of his officers.

Von Bülow: Posted the following notice at Andennes on the 22nd of August, 1914:—"It is with my consent that the whole place has been burnt and about 100 people have been shot." Posted the following notice at Namur on the 25th of August, 1914:—"Ten hostages will be taken in each street. If there is any disturbance in the street, all the hostages will be shot."

Klauss: Responsible for massacres at Gerbéviller and Fraimbois. At Gerbéviller alone sixty civilians were assassinated. One of them, engaged in Red Cross work, was soaked in petroleum and burnt alive.

Stenger: Author of the following Order of the Day: "All prisoners, even if taken in large numbers, are to be put to death. No living man is to be left behind us."

Von Graevenitz: Military Governor of Lille. Carried 30,000 civilians, including many woman and children, into slavery, and told the Bishop, who protested, to hold his tongue.

Von Dreicht: At Arlon, being drunk, ordered the execution of 117 hostages. Laughed when he was told, on recovering sobriety, that the order had been carried out.

Blegen: Responsible for the destruction of Dinant, and the massacre of more than 600 persons, including thirty-four old men, seventy-one women, and seventeen children under nine years of age.

Von Manteuffel: Ordered the burning of Louvain, and the expulsion of 10,000 civilians from the town.

Von Rodeiski: Gave a formal order that all Cossacks who surrendered should be shot or hanged.

Major von Bülow: Author of the destruction of Aerschot. Ordered 150 civilians to be shot. Compelled the women of the town to stand by, with their arms in the air, for six hours, witnessing the conflagration.

Eberlein: Boasted, in an article printed in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, that he had compelled civilians to march in front of his men as a screen against the enemy's fire.

Prince Eitel Friedrich: Stole a lady's wardrobe from a château near Liège. Stole the furniture of the Château of Balny d'Avricourt. Stole more furniture at Noyon. Stole the La Tour pastels at St. Quentin. Stole several clocks in the same neighbourhood.

Duke of Mecklenburg: Stole the contents of several safes at St. Quentin. Stole furniture from the house in which he lodged at Noyon.

Dr. Vulpius: Stole money from the wounded and from the French Army surgeons at Raon-sur-Plaine in August, 1914.

Von Tirpitz: Responsible for the earlier submarine outrages.

POLITICIANS.

ns for the Hangman—Our Prisoners and Theirs.

EDITOR.

Von Capelle! Responsible for the later submarine outrages. Gave stringent orders that hospital ships were not to be spared.

Well, there is a representative crew of them—and "there are others," including the infamous Crown Prince—but the list will do for the moment. Some of those in it may conceivably have defences—they may have been the mere tools of others; but certainly a round dozen of them ought to hang. In any case, they must be surrendered to the Allies for trial—as one of the Terms of Peace.

Prisoner Torturers.

And there is another class of war criminal to be brought to book. What of those tortures inflicted upon British prisoners of war in Germany? Every Hell-hound responsible for them must be dug out and handed over. The atrocities have been appalling, and remember that most of them have been brought to light under the searching test of a Committee presided over by one of the most fair-minded and impartial Judges on the English Bench—an equity lawyer given to no flights of imagination and devoid of all *nisi prius* forensic arts of advocacy. You may take it from me that if Mr. Justice Younger says a thing is proved, it is demonstrated with mathematical precision. Well, read that latest Report of his Committee. Apart from that, however, I have all too ample proof in my own letter bag, and from the lips of escaped prisoners and others who have told me their own stories. And, by the way, I am, after all, rather pleased that Lord Haldane has been deputed to "examine" these men. His appointment was surely a subtle device on the part of the Premier to afford him a little practical evidence of the beauties of that "spiritual home" of his in Germany, for which he used to sigh. But to return to the matter of those poor British prisoners. Assuredly in no known language of human peoples can one find terms adequate to express the abyssmal depths of infamy and ferocity to which the Hun has descended. The more we hear about his treatment of these poor fellows—leaving, at the moment, all the rest of his unspeakable crimes out of count—the more must we regret and censure the inept, pusillanimous, Laodicean attitude of the British Government with respect to it. At long last, Ministers vaguely threaten reprisals unless Germany ceases the fiendish torturing and murdering of our boys who have fallen into her hands. The history of these infamies goes back to the very beginning of the war. It was not, however, until—with recent returns of prisoners—the account became longer and longer and the record blacker and blacker, that the Government decided to give the Hun "four weeks' notice" to cease his atrocities or take the consequences of "such measures of reprisal as the Allies may deem necessary."

Still Pampering the Hun.

In the meantime, we are still pampering German prisoners in this country with every licence, every luxury, and every consideration. The officers, many of them foul, black-hearted murderers whose crimes almost appal Hell itself, live *de luxe*—while the privates are allowed to engage themselves in congenial labour and wander without escort as they will, drinking as free men in our taverns, and assaulting, insulting, or "making-up" to British womanhood in small towns and country thoroughfares. It is not possible for me to publish the letter of Private John W. Hall, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, Townley Hall, Group 10, The Hague, as it reaches me. It is an account of his own sufferings and experiences as a prisoner of war in different camps in Germany. I can summarise it in a few sentences. It is one long, monotonous horror. "The whole civil population waited for us with bottles, stones and sticks"; "they went as far as spitting at us"; "civilians stood over us with whips and knotted cords"; "in some cases men were put in a steam room and steamed." "A Frenchman who reported sick was beaten by the guards, kept in a cell for nine days and then brought down to work, dying within twenty-four hours." So, in vivid fact and feeling, the narrative adds horror after horror till its cumulative effect is to make me wish that for a while I could be turned into a wild beast as savage as the Hun himself—so that I could deal with him, red in tooth and claw, as he deserves. "What is breaking our hearts out here," says Hall, "is to read, after all our sufferings, of the Germans in England being treated as guests—of their being visited by titled English ladies, of their going out on parole, of their being seen, even, with English girls, arm-in-arm." Withal, out of scrupulous regard for the terms of the Hague Agreement of 1917, the Government are giving the Hun a month's notice to be born again, so that he may be kind and gentle and chivalrous to the defenceless and helpless British prisoners he is even now, as we write, beating, bayoneting, starving and maltreating with every elaboration of inhumanity. Verily it is a noble Government, speaking in the name of a noble people! We shall win the war and sit in the seat of judgment some day; when we do, it will be in part, at least, because our kid gloves, rosewater, beautiful ideals and loving "Christian" disposition didn't quite enable us to lose it. And all the time our best and bravest fight and fall! May God forgive us if we make any friendly peace with a nation of wild beasts.

No More Notes.

Meanwhile, America, Germany and Austria are still playing at the high international game of exchanging Diplomatic Notes. It is doubtless a great game, but it is essentially one which should be played quickly. I have the sincerest regard for President Wilson, whose intervention undoubtedly saved the situation. By that phrase I do not mean that without America's help we should have lost the war, but it would have been a much tougher job than it now is. On the other hand, we must not disguise from ourselves the fact that the President is essentially a philosopher—if not a dreamer. And have we forgotten how, not much more than two years ago, he declared, in an official document, that there was no apparent difference between the war aims of Germany and the Allies? You see, he is a long way from the scene of operations, and is compelled to regard the various problems of the war more or less from the abstract standpoint. And Germany was not long in seizing the opportunity to which this semi-detached position of America so readily lends itself. The moment she saw that the game was up she appealed to Mr. Wilson, in the name of those high principles which he holds so dear, to endeavour to arrange matters for her. I have already expressed the view that it would have been better if in the first instance, before acknowledging the German Note in any way, the President had referred it to all the Allies, and sent an answer in the joint names. And there can be no question whatever as to what that answer should have been—"Down your arms before we talk peace!" I am tired of hearing about those 14 points. As I have already said, they are academic and vague in character, and are woefully incomplete—albeit Mr. Lloyd George did say some months ago that they would satisfy the Allied demands. But he could not have realised what he was saying. There is nothing in them about indemnities—nothing about the punishment of the German criminals—nothing about the surrender of the German fleet or Heligoland, and a score of other things which will come up in due course when we dictate *our* Terms. There is, though, a most weird reference to the freedom of the seas, which might be construed as involving the end of British sea power. And what about those Paris Resolutions? According to them, at any rate during the period of commercial, industrial, agricultural and maritime reconstruction of the Allied countries, there is to be a very pronounced economic boycott of the enemy. We are assured that it was of the utmost consequence that "all measures, requisite for giving full and complete effect" to it should be "taken without delay." Now Mr. Wilson tells us that we are to have a "removal as far as possible of all economic barriers." Really, this won't do! Mr. Wilson has to go a long way yet if he would attain the object common to both America and the Allies—namely, to crush for all time Prussianism and everything it stands for. I am afraid I shall shock him when I summarise that policy in a phrase of Nelson's. Here is the old sea-dog's faith: "Damn our enemies!—Bless our friends! Amen Amen. Amen. I am not such a hypocrite as to bless them that hate us; or, if a man strike me on the cheek, to turn the other No; knock him down, by God!"

"A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT HONOUR, SAVE——"

OLD JOANNA AND OLD "JOHN BULL" WELL OVER THE TOP, WITH SOMETHING TO SPARE.

Every prophecy comes true if you live long enough to wait and see. To-day we have a real winner—a "snip." *We shall win the war.* All you have to do is to select your bookmaker and collect the money. This straight tip comes from a book of "Remarkable Southcott Prophecies." It is nothing to the point that old Joanna prophesied that she would live for ever and didn't. There are prophecies she (so they say) made before she gave up the ghost, in 1814, which are treasured by the sect of the Jezreelites, who never get their hair cut. In one instance she foretold that "our foes the French would become our friends"; in another that "the Eagle is the foe we have to fear"; in another that "two monarchs would plan a great war"; in another that "England would possess Egypt"; in another that "guns and soldiers would fling out smoke in the air"; in another that scarcity of gold and sugar would arise; in another that "the dangers to London would first be overhead"; in another that "England would possess Jerusalem when she joins in war against the Turks"; also, in another, that "woman, though different, would come to equal perfection with the man, and be clearly recognised as his true helpmeet." From all this it will be seen that Joanna was no dud as a prophet; she foresaw the goods every time. But to show what ordinary mortals can do in the same line, may we, with a deprecating cough, call the attention of the Southcottites to some lines which appeared in this humble journal on 15 May, 1909? "They say," say we in those pre-war days, "the Springtime's coming when the dicky-birds make love; They'll all be seeking nest-mates from the Eagle to the dove. They say that Home Rule's coming, though its advent be concealed; That Arctic weather's coming when this Isle will be congealed. They say Conscription's coming to defend our threatened strand, And soldiering will take the place of football in the land. They say the pubs will be extinct much sooner than we think, And every man must brew his own, or go without his drink. They say the wrath of Britain's sons is rising and will burst About the heads of partisans who keep their crotchets first; And waves of indignation, sweeping high, will overwhelm The pilots who ignore the storm and quarrel at the helm. Lord Kitchener is coming ——" That last prophecy leaves us without a comment. It is a triumph of prediction, and we take off our hat in acknowledgment—and in humility and reverence. Mighty the land to which such a great man came; immeasurable its sorrow that his place in it knows him no more. Prophecy, for four long years fallen on evil days, has at last come into its own. But yesterday the prophets stood against the world. None was so poor as to do them reverence. To-day they are all winners. They put us all on dead certainties. Back them both ways and all will be well. We feel diffidence in regard to the late lamented Joanna, as one of her adherents was wont, a year or two ago, to denounce us in Hyde Park for what he politely called "copying" her prophecies in regard to the war. The one or two other public men who had the *nous* to discern the inevitable end to the machinations of the Kaiser, no doubt also came in for some of his frenzied wrath. However, peace to Joanna's ashes. After her "fretful fever," let us hope she "sleeps well"—though her "mission" to bring a Messiah into the world was not fulfilled, despite elaborate preparations for the event.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Haddingtonshire Courier":—
"The Rev. Robert Howie preached BOSH morning and evening."

"Lancashire Daily Post":—
"Victory assured: An Order of the Day issued to the Italian Army by General Diaz concludes . . . the country trusts her JAM RATION."

"Brighton Argus":—
"Addressing Canteen workers he (Mr. Churchill) said, 'When cutting a tiger's claws or pulling FACS out of his jaw, one has to observe every precaution.'"

"Dorset County Chronicle":—
"Mr. T. Chissell had written that he would FEED off the grass in Maumbury Rings and endeavour to keep it in better condition."

"Daily Chronicle":—
"The moment of their guest's visit, said Mr. Balfour, had been happily timed to coincide with what he thought we might, without undue or arrogant PESSIMISM, describe as the most FAVOURABLE moment of the military situation."

"Glasgow Herald":—
"Rev. John A. Swan, a son, BOTH WELL."

"Englishman" (Calcutta):—
"The corner of the Hindenburg Line is only eight INCHES from Soissons and a little less from General Mangin's present positions."

"Star" (advertisement):—
"Dancing, etc. Men in Uniform 6d. SOLDIERS free."

"Bradford Daily Telegraph":—
"The Rev. John Brash (Presbyterian) described Mr. Pringle as his BEST FRIEND, and said he NEVER hoped to have another like him."

REJUVENATING THE MIND.

By JULIUS M. PRICE *(The Famous War Artist Correspondent).*

IT does not seem so long ago that our best known newspaper proprietor committed himself to a sweeping statement that, so far as useful activity was concerned, men were too old at forty. He is himself an interesting example to the contrary, for it is now many years since he passed what he considered to be his grand climacteric—yet he is at the present time one of the greatest centres of energy in the cause of the Allies. The reason for this is that he has what I am tempted to designate a highly "Pelmanised" mind, and so far as men over forty are concerned the *raison d'etre* of his existence is largely, as Voltaire said, *pour encourager les autres.*

Naturally, the question arises, what is meant by a "Pelmanised" mind? In his case unquestionably it means capacity for the most intense concentration on the affair of the moment linked with a memory which forgets nothing. Such a mind as this is analogous to a fine vintage wine which improves with keeping. It is unnecessary to repeat the trite remark that brains cannot be created when they do not already exist, for it is much more important to realise that the dullest child or the most tired-out old man in all reasonable probability possess mental capabilities which have never been exercised.

If we take the question of physical strength, we shall find that a man like Sandow was a comparative weakling in his youth, but the muscles in embryo were there, and, above all, the determination to develop them to the uttermost. In my own observation a child under pressure is too apt to give way to despair, and a man over forty too much inclined to become blasé and allow the poisonous thought to creep into his mind that his best days have gone by. It is here that Pelmanism comes to the rescue. Taking the analogy of physical strength, no one need worry as to the precise quality of his brain or his increase of years; his great ambition should be to exercise, and exercise to the limit, the mental equipment he possesses.

In the course of the inquiries I was invited to make at the Pelman Institute, nothing astonished me more than the testimonials, or, rather, human documents, that arrived by every post. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and, indeed, members of every craft and trade or profession have written quite fascinating and oft-times pathetically touching letters describing the benefits they have derived from taking up Pelmanism, and these letters are written with the most candid enthusiasm.

This coming in contact, as it were, at first hand with the most diverse students, as I have done by perusing many of these documents, is undoubtedly the cause of such well-known men as Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Sir E. T. Cook, Sir R. Baden-Powell, Jerome K. Jerome, Max Pemberton, and a great many others of undoubted probity and perspicacity giving their public approval of the Pelman system of training the mind and the memory.

In the course of my travels I had already heard so much of Pelmanism that I had actually decided to take it up at the first opportunity, when by the long arm of coincidence I received the flattering invitation to visit the Institution myself and express my opinion on its work; with the result that I was so much impressed that I had no hesitation in enrolling myself as a student. I will frankly admit, therefore, that I did not pay my visit as a sceptic—very much to the contrary, in fact—as during the two and a half years I was on the Italian front I was constantly hearing the System praised both by officers and men, thus proving that it had a large following of disciples who were determined not to let the enforced mental stagnation brought about by trench life bring on complete atrophy of their brain power.

In the course of a varied career I have come across many clever men who just missed being geniuses. By "missing" I mean that they just managed to get to a certain point and to achieve a certain degree of success, and then, as it were, mysteriously to get no further. I have often asked myself what could account for this. Why some distinguished general, for instance, has failed lamentably at a critical moment, and in all cases that have come within my immediate knowledge I have been forced to the conclusion that in these semi-failures—for they were not to be classed as actual failures—their process of thought has not been based on any logical principles—it has not been sufficiently drilled, so to speak, and in consequence they have either done the wrong thing swiftly or the right thing too slowly.

Following up this train of thought, I found myself wondering whether Pelmanism would not have helped to correct this weakness of the nervous system and of the cells of the brain, much the same as a judicious course of dumbbells will strengthen the muscles.

In his innermost self there must be many a man who knows that he has displayed at times a certain hesitancy that was difficult to explain, and which he scarcely ventured to probe into, dreading that it was, perchance, a sign that the advancing years were making themselves felt, much the same as one fears to consult a doctor when one is assailed by some subtle pain that may mean a great deal or nothing. Pelmanism, as I grasp it, fills the part of the friendly doctor, but with this difference—the doctor keeps the knowledge from which he has envolved his diagnosis to himself, whilst Pelmanism lets you into the secret of your failings, and thus helps you, as it were, to act as your own physician. But there is no nonsense about it, no mystery, nor is it a dodge for getting your fees. If you are in earnest, and you must be in earnest when taking up Pelmanism, you will not be long in discovering that Pelmanism is just another word for scientific stabilising the mind and memory and entails a regular, but not at all uninteresting, study to bring it to a successful issue, and that if it is carried out with serious intent there is no doubt that it develops self-confidence in young people and a rejuvenation of the mind in those getting on in years.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL *to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban. [Adv.]

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Sad Shorncliffe:—We wonder if the Commander of the Sandling West Camp at Shorncliffe is satisfied with its condition. We are not; nor are the junior cadets of the R.A.F. who are stationed there. Attention, please! Residence in Shorncliffe in winter is bad enough, and should not be made worse for the unfortunate service men.

Victimisation:—We are told by the boys at Dover that the Embarkation Staff have issued orders that the N.A.C.B. Canteen has been placed out of bounds for a week, because one man used bad language there. This is a gross injustice that must be remedied. We do not want Prussianism in England, and are sorry to know that this kind of victimisation is very prevalent.

Banning the Benedicts:—The patients at the Star and Garter, Richmond, have gone about with long faces since the following Order was issued on October 1st: "The General Committee in London have decided that patients cannot be permitted to marry while in the Star and Garter, and that any man so marrying must cease to be an inmate of the Home. This notice takes effect from this date." It seems an unfair prohibition.

Tommy's Torture:—A private is crawling round the R.A.F. Camp at Gormanstown, Co. Dublin, suffering from lumbago. He was given a pill, and told to carry on, his task being digging. No man suffering from lumbago can handle a spade or pick, and, incredible though it seems, the unfortunate fellow was put into the guard-room because he did not do the work. His claim to a Court-Martial has been refused. This is a matter for strict inquiry.

For Whose Use?:—At Rendlesham Park Camp, Suffolk, there is a fine Y.M.C.A. Hut, erected at the cost of the philanthropic public, for the benefit of the soldiers. They are, however, debarred its use, as a highly exalted officer refuses facilities for getting from the railway station the stores and comforts necessary to stock it. At the same time, it is transformed into a first-class mess for the officers! It contains a couple of billiard tables, a piano, library, and games. Such a diversion of benefit is quite unjustifiable, and nothing less than a scandal.

Fairplay Wanted:—A constant source of complaint on the part of Service men is that, while the civilian is not rationed in the matter of beer, in some of the Army Canteens a rigid rule is enforced restricting them to a single pint. Tommy naturally feels it as an insult, and contrasts his lot with that of the munitioner.

Rather Odd:—In the Hillhouse Military Hospital, Minster, near Ramsgate, were a number of suspected consumptives who were declared after a number of tests to be suffering from positive T.D. A medical Captain has now cancelled this diagnosis, and the men have been ordered to go back to their units. Does this mean that they are to be placed in crowded huts or tents, with every chance of giving the disease to their mates? We must confess that we feel nervous on the point.

"JACK."

Why the Distinction?:—Time-expired men complain to us that they are granted only 2d. a day retention pay, whereas those of the Fleet Reserve called up are given 8d. extra. This unfair distinction causes much ill-feeling among the bluejackets, and we commend it to the notice of "My Lords Commissioners" for alteration.

Kicking Their Heels:—Numerous ratings, sent ashore owing to defective vision and other physical shortcomings, kick their heels in the depôts and do nothing else. Many of them are married men with families, and the bulk are capable of doing work of national importance; but we suppose Whitehall will go on considering it the best policy to keep, feed, and clothe the men for doing nothing more than passing the time of day to each other.

Thanks!:—We have received the united thanks of 600 Naval Artisans at Chatham for the "lightning results" that followed our recent appeal on their behalf. As we promised, we shall keep pegging away at "Jack's" numerous grievances until they are remedied. We would once more ask when the Hyde-Parker Report and statements of ships' artisans, recently published, will have proper attention. The Admiralty cannot affect ignorance of the latter, as numerous copies of a pamphlet on the subject, issued by the men, are in their possession.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Kew Kick:—Returned men who resume their employment as constables at Kew Gardens appear to be placed in the background, on small pay, while civilians mop up the better positions. Here's a chance for Dr. Otto Stapf to show his devotion to the country of his adoption by interceding with his colleagues on the management!

Down and Out:—A Tommy was discharged to Class W. Reserve—which means no pay and no pension—to resume his civil occupation. He was sent to a shipbuilding yard in Scotland as a riveter, but he is left without work most of the time, so has a wife and home to support on practically nothing. Thus do we treat the men who have served the Flag.

The Post Office Again:—A local Postmastership being left vacant, owing to the Postmaster having been called up, several Silver Badgers applied for the job, but were turned down in favour of a woman who already had charge of an office—so before she could take up the fresh one she had to enlist a substitute to fill her original position. We should very much like to know what the Postmaster-General thinks of this.

The Lawyer Again:—Bradfield Council, Berks, invited ex-officers to apply for the post of Food Officer, at £150—£200 a year. One officer was turned down; we know not how many others were treated as shabbily. The person who got the job was a solicitor—Mr. Rogers, of Reading. This lucky lawyer was already Clerk to the Cemetery Co., Clerk and Solicitor to two charities; Clerk to Goring Council, and Clerk to Lybbes Charity. When he has got through that list, and polished off his private clients, he will attend to the people's food. As we have often shown, in the matter of public appointments ex-soldiers are disgracefully treated.

A Cause of Unrest:—The nation is, quite rightly, dead against railway and other strikes, but we frequently receive evidence of treatment which naturally causes unrest among the men and which could be avoided. Men employed by the Midland Railway Company tell us that they are asked every six months their rates of pension and the dates upon which such pensions were issued. The workers do not know why these inquiries should be made, feeling sure that they are not set on foot in order that their wages may be increased when their pensions are cut down.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Hard Fate:—A widow has just had the misfortune to lose her only son while on Service. He was formerly her chief support, and out of the remaining six children one suffers from fits, another is consumptive, while the youngsters who go to school are ill-fed and insufficiently clad. Our help was asked until the poor woman obtains work.

Fighting Against Odds:—A discharged soldier has had a stroke, and is in consequence paralysed. An increase in his pension has been granted, but has not yet been paid. His wife—who also has two children in hospital—wrote us that she and her small family were practically starving, being prevented from working as she could not leave her husband. She found a prompt response.

At the End of Her Resources:—A soldier's widow has three children under the age of eight. One of them has had to undergo an operation and requires constant attendance, preventing the mother from working. She has parted with the best of her personal belongings, and was very desperate when she appealed to our Fund.

Invalided Ex-Soldier:—Discharged unfit, an ex-service man is still on the doctor's list. Having exhausted his gratuity, he is not able to support himself decently, as he receives only the National Insurance benefit. His parents are aged and feeble, and unable to assist him—a duty which, in any event, should not be cast upon them.

Bedridden:—A poor woman has been an invalid for four years, her condition necessitating constant attendance. She has just lost a son in the Naval Air Service, and another is wounded. A delicate daughter is doing her best to keep things going, but cannot possibly pay rent, etc., without outside help.

Always under the Doctor:—A soldier's widow, being refused help by the Pensions Committee, asked our assistance to pay a doctor's bill. She tells us her child is very delicate, and in need of nourishing diet, which she finds a great difficulty in obtaining.

Some Further Cases:—Soldier home on leave to see wife and child, who are seriously ill. A grant was urgently needed.

Soldier's wife was pressed for payment of long-standing debt occasioned through sickness.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

E. H., 2s. 6.; "Theta," £2; "In Loving Memory of Les," 5s.; A. P. (Abertysswg), 10s.; "A Scot," 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; G. A. L., Mount Ngwibi (13th contribution), £2; G. W., £5 5s.; A. G., 1s.; A. H. E., 3s.; A. W. B. (B.E.F.), 10s. 6d.; J. G. (Newcastle), 6d.; "In Loving Memory of Cecil," 5s.; "In Loving Memory of ex. *George Pask*, Plymouth," 2s. 6d.; E. P. (Eastbourne), 10s.; W. S., 2s. 6d.; W. L. (Montreal), $1.20; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; "A Worcester," £1 1s.; D. H. (Poole), 2s. 6d.; A. E. C. (Manchester), £5; J. F., 5d.; "Five Blushing Young Damsels," 5s.; "A Lonely Widow," 5s.; "A Widow Lady" (Gloucester), 10s.; A. M. (Killermie), 6s. 10d.; Mrs. D. P., 6d.; A. H. (Woking), £2 2s.; "A Soldier's Sister" (B'ham), 10s.; "Grace Darling," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; "Sapper Home on Leave," 5s.; "Sloykyt," £2; Canteen Ship's Fund, H.M.S. *Liverpool*, £5; "Jonathan," £1; C. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Cassowary," £1; Mrs. D. (Manchester), 5s. 7d.; W. A. S. (Maidenhead), £2, "Fisherrow," 1s. 6d., E. D. (Banstead), 5s.; "Noah's Ark," 5s.; "Mother and David," 5s.; "Sympathiser," 5s.; "West," £1; "A Disabled Soldier," £1; Collection, Lower Deck, H.M.S. *Valkyrie*, £4 5s.; Anon., 5s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Mrs. J. N. (Blackpool), 4½d.; J. F. T. (Thames Ditton), 2s.; Mrs. P. W. B. (Sask.), 5s. 6d.; E. D. P. (Southend), 2s. 6d.; H. W. E., 10d.; A. C. (Middlesbro'), 1s.; B. V., 5s. 8d.; J. B. M., 6d.; J. J. G. (Prestatyn), 1s.; "Some War Workers" (Hayes), 1s.; O. D., 1s.; A. J. S. (Leyton), 1s.; W. E. R. (Tylorstown), 1s.; W. M. (Birmingham), 2s.; O. E. C. (Wallasey), £1; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; "A Few Well Wishers: Naval W/T Station, Singapore" (per A. A.), 1s.; "Dossie," 2s. 6d.; V. E. C., Croydon (per P. E. T.), £1; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; J. W. S. S., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. K. M. B., 1s. 6d.; "Edinburgh," 2s. 6d.; C. N. E. (H.M.S. *Mantis*), £1 1s. 6d.; G. W. T., 4s. 6d.; Mrs. S., 6d.; W. M., 2s.; J. F., 6d.; W. S. (Glasgow), 1s.; Sapper W. J., 1s.; "No. 7218," 1s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

P. S. B. K., 5s.; H. H. (Durham), 1s.; J. W., 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

WM. H. M. (Enfield).—"How many V.C.s have the English won during this war?" Three or four times as many as have been handed out.

O. W. (Plaistow).—Glad to hear that the Australian boys "go nap" on JOHN BULL. At any rate, we are dead sure they don't go to sleep over it.

A DAUGHTER OF JOHN BULL" (Eltham).—Why should you think that your adhesion to the Protestant faith lessens our interest in your troubles? There is, however, a limit to the grievances we can take up.

A PATRIOTIC JEWESS."—"May God bless and aid you." Funny thing so many people pray for us, while others curse us awful.

F. H. D. (Kensington).—So the wounded soldier told you the "Army was thinking of striking." And, by jove, they've done it, the ringleaders being Haig, Pershing and Allenby.

G. S. (Chiswick).—It is not unlikely that Baron Schroeder intends to use his 650 tons of coals to make a little Hell of his own, not wishing to mix with those from the land of his birth.

"BADLY TREATED" (Sparkbrook).—"Being a very old reader of your paper——." Come, now, what's your age? We have hundreds of readers over ninety, still going strong.

E. H. (Plymouth).—"I wish there were lots and lots of Mr. Bottomleys." Greedy girl! We are quite content to be the one and only.

"CARRY-ON-SKI" (Goodmayes).—"Don't you think you deserve the D.S.O.?" Perhaps so; but what are titular honours compared with your good opinion?

J. E. T. (R.G.A., France).—Thanks for your cheery letter. Drop us another line—from Berlin!

"HILARIOUS COLONIAL" (Holland).—No wonder you boys are indignant at the pampering of Hun prisoners, but your hour of release and the enemy's day of reckoning are coming fast.

CPL. J. E. C. (A.H.A.).—We share your tribute, eloquently expressed, to the nurses in France (also at home)—"These are the women, our British women, the soldier is fighting for—and to the death, too!" True, every word.

A. McC. (Trinidad) and E. F. E. (Earlsfield).—One sends a photo of boys reading us in the West Indies, the other a *ditto* of *dittoes* doing *ditto* in Palestine. We *do* get about a bit.

"OFFICER OF MERCANTILE MARINE."—It is an Admiralty error that precludes merchant sailors from wearing chevrons for oversea service.

W. H. B. (Liverpool).—"You have captivated the hearts of the women of this neighbourhood." Hush! You will make the boys jealous.

G. M. R. (Harwich).—"I would like to know when the women of the W.R.N.S. can travel at reduced fares, like other service workers." So would we.

"SAPPER" (Richborough).—"Outside the huts of the Wacs at this camp they have written up, 'No Man's Land.'" We trust there are no search parties by night.

E. T. (Steyning).—We do not remember your former letter, but if your husband was discharged, after 8¼ years, "to put Germans in his place," no condemnation could be too strong.

J. H.-W. (Cape Coast).—"Save me or I perish." Let us know all about it, and we will do our best to prevent your being a perisher.

M. H. (Monton).—When two or three Germhuns are gathered together they don't need instruments to form a band. They can all blow their own trumpet, and they have always the base and vile with them.

G. F. H. (Hull).—Cannot understand how decent citizens of Hull could sit and listen to the pro-German mouthings of such a suspect as E. D. Morel, founder of the pernicious Union of Democratic Control and one-time creature of the German Government. Hell is the place for him, not Hull.

"LITTLE GRACE" (Chester), aged eight years, sends us an account of a week's income and expenditure, showing a balance of 1s. 8d. for our "Greatest of These" Fund. Graceful little Grace!

MRS. S. H. G. (West Bromwich).—"Should this meet with your approval, shall be pleased to receive whatever remuneration you may think it is worth." Accept our golden gratitude.

"Soldier's Wife" (Guildford). — Your lamentations to hand by registered post. Postman looked quite miserable when he handed them over the counter.

J. N. (Wakefield).—"Please tell me which are the three largest railway stations in the United Kingdom in rotation." Haven't seen any of them in rotation since the far off-days of our ebullient youth.

D. L. (Reading).—"What can be done for maids?" Well, they can be turned into matrons at any Registry Office.

MISS S. J. L. P. (Macclesfield).—Sorry no space for poetry. When the war is over, we shall swell out like a gas bag.

MRS. M. (Cosforth).—On finding the wool you had bought was German, "you felt as if something unclean was in the house." So you got your money back and told the seller what you thought of him. Good on you, mother.

R. B.—Now that bank officials have formed a Union, the insurance clerks think of following suit. Quite right; to return a good lead is correct play.

"BULLITE IN TROUBLE" (Bath).—"Please give Kibble and Co., Berners Street, an airing." We have often done so, and you would not have lost your money had you followed our repeated advice. Only fools pay to have songs published. If a song is any good, the publisher pays.

"ST. CLAIR ST."—Your letter shows you are in mental distress. You should see a good doctor—or, if poor, go to the hospital—at once.

E. M. M. (Bath).—"In the Tower Pleasure Gardens, Bournemouth, a person said of a wounded soldier in a bath chair, 'What a pity to allow them here!'" Now, please—what did *you* say to the brute?

F. M. (Bristol).—If the exuberance of your verbosity had not tempted you to write such a sentence as "the extravagant idiosyncrasies of our ostensible representatives," the newspapers to which you addressed your letter might have printed it.

A. J. (Paradise Cottages).—So you think J. B. readers ought to be distinguished by the wearing of a badge. Or they might let their shirt-fronts hang out.

M. de B. B. (Winchfield).—What more could we do for the Old Age Pensioners? We have used up all the tears in the type-box.

"BLUEBELL" (Cardiff).—The successor to *Mary Bull* is *Everywoman's*, the best and brightest little woman's paper that ever you did see.

H. H. (Bootle).—As far as we know, munition workers are not entitled to false teeth at the expense of the Government—although, if all you say is true, they might lend you a packet to go on with.

"ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER" (Grantham).—We note that you consider the coal allowances ample. Perhaps you live next door to a gasworks.

"RETIRED GROCER" (Rochdale).—As requested, we forwarded your postcard to the Prime Minister. Perhaps, when he's passing, he'll drop in and acknowledge it.

"BROADMINDED" (Catford).—So the glowering female who watched you and your "lady friend" on the river didn't see anything. Would she have seen anything if she hadn't been there, so to speak?

"A READER."—"This rotten and insipid substitute for beer is causing more discontent than most people are aware of." You speak the truth and shame—Lord D'Abernon.

J. H, (Bow).—Have read worse verses than yours, but you must not call them a "poem." Your rhymes are all serene, but you are no Tennyson yet.

J. A. C. (R.G.A.).—"Which answered the country's call best, the married men or the single?" It was a nasty, cynical bachelor who said the married men were more eager to go.

J. W. (Bolton).—The Empire Ring Co. advt. is a "catch"—a delusion and a snare. You get no ring for 1s. 6d.

"SEGT." (Felixstowe).—"Regarding picture in *Bystander*, have you ever seen a horse raising both left legs at once?" We knew a man, kicked by a horse, who swore it raised four at the same time.

J. H.—"Is it 12 o'clock or one when the ball rops?" If the ball drops at that sort of time, we should call it a Cinderella dance.

"A WORKER" (Edinburgh).—Toy-making at 7s. a week for "young ladies," hours 8 till 5, is no credit to Auld Reekie.

MRS. MARKEY (Nut Bank Cottage, Middleton Road, Blackley, Manchester), the winner of the £200 in "Bullets" Competition No. 803, points out that the signature on her coupon was misread as "Harker." However, the money has been received, so all's well that ends well.

A. C. G. (West Ham).—Who abused and pushed and knocked you about, and why? We are not provided at Long Acre with a million-diameter magnifying telescope of "*extra* power" enabling us to see *everything* that goes on, you know.

"AUSTRAL" (Horseferry Road, S.W.).—"Your remarks are slightly at variance with the true position." Nothing of the sort, old boy. You must have read them sideways.

"CONSTANT READER." — Thanks for "suggesting a cartoon." Returning the compliment, may we suggest a strait-jacket?

W. M.—"Of leg-pulling letters each week you've a batch, But the writers all find that in you they've a match." On the other hand, *we're* well furnished with pipe-lighters.

"A GENTILE" (Ilford).—Your hatred of Jews is an insensate prejudice. Try a little cooling medicine.

O. O.—Your "Rationalist" paper on "one of the burning questions of the day" has not come to hand. Suppose it deals with the coal rations?

"LADY READER" (Horley). — Four months ago the girls in the Forage Section of the A.S.C. were promised an increase of pay, and haven't got it yet. Will someone please see to it?

H. H. P. (Breconshire). — All men maimed or crippled in the war to travel at reduced rates on railways, is your suggestion. We would go one better, and make them free for life on all trains, trams, and buses.

THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS, apropos of a recent paragraph, informs us that girls at Hayes are forbidden to sit or ride on the trolleys because of the danger to themselves that would exist in such action. They also state that the working hours are 9½ per day, and no one on any account is required to work longer than five hours without a break for meals. Glad to hear it.

W. C. T. (Sutton).—"I have never written to you before." After reading your letter, you are nearly forgiven for doing so now.

J. B. (Durham).—"The question for the General Election in November will be the coal question. Let the Government take notice." Anyway, they won't be able to say you didn't warn them, will they?

A. S. E. (East Ham).—"Last Sunday a certain person put his clock back 12 months, thought it was leap year, and didn't start work till Tuesday morning." Either he or you appears slightly off it.

"THREE LADIES" (Catterick Camp).—"We, the undersigned, wish this letter to be announced in next week's issue." Just managed to find space for the announcement, as directed.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our New Safety Model
As sold at 15/-
Price with 1 coupon 5/6
You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/6 By Post 1d. extra
This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Oct. 26th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

GAMAGES
GREAT STOCK REDUCING SALE.

350 "A.W.G." KILTIES.
Jersey and Kilt combined. Will not shrink. Very durable. Perfect fitting. In Saxe Blue Stockinette Lengths at back.
Sale Prices
19 in. 4/6 | 21 in. 4/9 | 23 in. 5/-
Post 6d.

All Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance.

200 WATERPROOF CAPES
Ideal for school wear. In Fawn, with detachable hood lined tartan.
Length 24 in. Sale Price **10/6** Free Post
Rising 1/- every 3 in. to 39 in.

700 prs. GIRLS' GAITERS.
In Fawn Cloth. Sale price:
Sizes 7 to 10 **6/6** Sizes 11 to 2 **8/6**
Post 6d.
In Khaki Waterproof Twill.
Sizes 4 to 8 **5/6** Sizes 9 to 1 **6/6**
Post 6d.
In Tan Leatherex, sizes 12-2
Sale Price **9/6** Post 6d.

36 ONLY.
BLACK WOLF WRAPS.
About 60 ins. long.
Sale Price **28/6** Post Free
Worth 3 gns.

MANY OTHER BARGAINS.
Write at once for
SALE LIST
POST FREE.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

Waste of Fuel

WARNING

It is a punishable offence to waste Fuel or Light when coal and coal products are so vitally necessary to speed the coming peace. The Coal Controller has in consequence been given powers to take proceedings in all cases of waste.

It is waste of fuel to

(1) —use gas for cooking when the kitchen range is alight.

(2) —throw away cinders. All cinders should be sifted and used again. Everything will burn but the dust ash.

(3) —leave a fire burning at night. All fires must be raked out and the coals extinguished.

(4) —have two fires burning in a house when one will do.

(5) —use more gas or electricity anywhere than is strictly necessary.

Show this to every one in your house

Issued by the Coal Mines Dept., Board of Trade, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

M.T.13.

Marvels of the Universe

The great Lord Avebury, in his beautiful Introduction to "Marvels of the Universe," says:—"I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-men lose from their ignorance of science. If anyone is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest to those who have eyes to see."

Not only the world that we inhabit, but the Universe of which it forms but a small part, is full of marvels. This magnificent work gives Nature's Marvels in the Heavens, the Earth, Plant Life, Animal Life, and the Mighty Deep—in other words, the cream of Nature's realm. Its field is even wider than our planet, for it includes the Sun, Moon, and Stars. On the other hand, with the aid of the microscope, it reveals the most minute marvels of animal and plant life. Between these two extremes—the infinitely great and the inconceivably small—comes a vast assemblage of marvels that may be seen by the unassisted eye, but which are in general passed by unrealised, if not actually unseen, for want of an efficient and friendly guide to point them out. "Marvels of the Universe" will bring great pleasure into your house.

It has cost over £10,000 to produce, and contains over 1,650 Illustrations, over 1,200 pages, about 1,000 Marvels, 64 Fine Coloured Plates, about 350,000 words and is written by over 40 Eminent Naturalists.

A Standard and International Work, and has been translated into all the leading languages. Over 100,000 have been sold.

It is one of the cheapest books in the world, and is printed throughout on the finest English Art Paper, and is uniform with the "Wonders of the World," "Belgium the Glorious," "Living Races of Mankind," "Living Animals of the World," "Deeds that Thrill the Empire," and "Sir Douglas Haig's Great Push."

We will send you FREE on receipt of 6d. to cover postage the first 40 pages and 4 beautiful Coloured Plates as an advertisement.

Write to-day to Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., (Dept. 112), 30-32, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4
CLAIMS PAID £13,000,000
INVESTED IN WAR LOAN £2,000,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS NEARLY £600,000
Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates.
LIVERPOOL VICTORIA APPROVED SOCIETY
Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.
ARTHUR HENGT, Secretary.

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 20 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to
Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.
TRY FIRST LESSON

WORKERS WHO FEEL WEAK

Debility is not only distressing to the individual but it is a loss, and a waste of national energy.

If your blood is thin and your head aches, if your digestion is weak and your nerves unsteady, you cannot do your work well.

Stimulants do not give real help. They only spur you on for a while to use up your reserve strength, but this effort in turn leaves you weaker than before.

Debility is not a disease of any one organ. It is a general condition of unfitness. It must be met by a remedy whose good results will be quickly generalised throughout the entire system. In fact, it must be corrected by building up the blood which, being rich and red, carries renewed health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' pink pills are a true tonic, not a mere stimulant. They build up the blood and steady the nerves, and have transformed thousands of sick, irritable, tired and nervous people into active, energetic, capable, efficient men and women.

If you are a sufferer from thin blood or weak nerves, begin to-day Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Obtain them of any dealer, but ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—An interesting little book, "The Nerves and Their Needs," will be sent you, post free, if you forward a postcard to Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

FREE to the GREY-HAIRED

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a Paris physician now serving with the French Red X). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

You must look young if you are to secure the chances that lead to success in the army, in business, in public life, and in society. "INECTO" makes you look young.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet No. 46, stating if for Lady or Gentleman, and enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, &c.

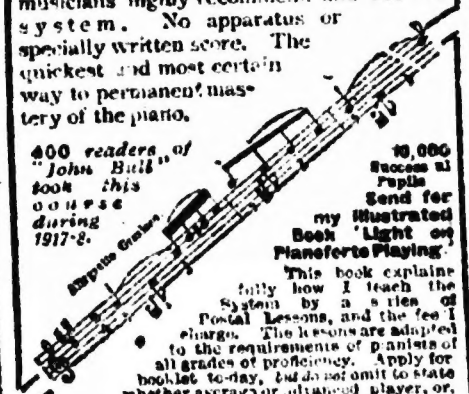
Sent in plain sealed envelope from Secretary, INECTO, LTD., 152, North Audley Street, London, W.1.

Dr. R——, a distinguished Paris physician and the discoverer of "INECTO."

Become a GOOD PIANIST
without constant "practising"

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.



400 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917-8.

10,000 Successful Pupils
Send for my Illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1
From Brain to Keyboard
There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.

GOOD-BY-EE
TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES, GNATS & FLIES
Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing, etc.
Non-Greasy Stick 1/-
PARASITOX
THE SOLDIERS FRIEND — PARA SI-TOX
All Chemists, or post free
HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

ALL THE LATEST TUNES can be played on
THE CHELLAPHONE
Soldiers and Sailors love it. British invention to beat German mouth organs. Post free, 1/11 each. 12s. per doz. from the maker.
FIELD [illegible] Road, Huddersfield

NO HENS WANTED
FREEMANS EGG SUBSTITUTE
For all cakes & Pastries

'Bullets' Great Turkey Offer!

FIRST PRIZE **£200**

We are offering 1,000 Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes
150 TURKEYS ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
In consequence of the food restrictions we are this year asking successful competitors to purchase their own Turkeys, and to send the bills to us for settlement. We will pay all such bills up to the amount of £1 10s. each, or, if preferred, a cheque for this sum will be sent in advance to pay for the Turkey. *Such a remarkable prize offer has never before been made by any paper.*
DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

2ND PRIZE **£20** **£10** 3RD PRIZE

1000 TURKEYS

20 PRIZES OF £2:10 = 200 PRIZES OF 5/- = 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 = 3000 'TARGET' PRIZES

150 Turkeys to be Won this week!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Fill in below any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—Eating Humble Pie. Bullet:—Precious Few Like. Example:—Not Good Enough. Bullet:—For Tommy, Government's Promises. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 1d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated November 16th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 307.

THE ALLIES' TRIUMPH	AFTER THE KAISER	JUST PEACE	WHEN BOTTOMLEY STANDS
GERMANY'S FATE	WELCOME CHANGE	WHAT WILSON WANTS	A BIG SUCCESS
ON THE BRINK	MY WIFE LOVES	BEFORE LONG	ANY OLD THING
AUSTRIA AND TURKEY	THINKING IT OVER	WHEN FRITZ SURRENDERS	THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT
IN REVOLT	WINNING MAID	SILLY ASS	EATING HUMBLE PIE
EVERYBODY THINKS THAT	PULLING HIS LEG	WON'T GET OFF	BEWARE OF THE DOG
HAPPY DAYS	GETTING THE BIRD	BAD MARK	CALLING FOR HELP
BACK FROM FRANCE	NOT GOOD ENOUGH	THE NEXT ELECTION	THE KAISER'S FAMILY

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 31st
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(307) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed____
Address____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 31st
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(307) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed____
Address____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 307, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 31st
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(307) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 31st
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(307) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.
Signed____
Address____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 308.

TURKEY'S END	NEVER IN DOUBT	TASTING DEFEAT	THE FATHERLAND
SICK AND TIRED	GENERALLY SPEAKING	WANTED IN PARLIAMENT	NEIGHBOUR'S BABY
ON WRONG SIDE	DOG TIRED	STEALING A KISS	A BITTER PILL
TRUTH WILL OUT	NOT IN THESE DAYS	PARTING FRIENDS	A SOFT ANSWER
GOING STRONG	THE RIGHT TREATMENT	TRYING HIS BEST	THE KAISER'S LAST HOPE

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **308** in the top left-hand corner; and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 308,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition **307.**

Result of 304th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. G. DOWELL, 45, Oswald St., Blackburn.
Example:—The German Navy.
Bullet:—Army "At Sea" Instead.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. W. J. BYRNE, 24, Vernon Street, Dublin.
Example:—When Bottomley Speaks.
Bullet:—The Government Get "Prompter."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. W. CARR, Crossgate, Cupar, Scotland.
Example:—What Germans Believe.
Bullet:—Frightfulness "Pays"—It Will.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. Stuart, 173, High Street, Arbroath, N.B.: Dirt Cheap—Germans "Fancy," Peace Offer. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. E. M. Davies, 15, Garw Fechan Row, Pontyrhyl, Bridgend: Wait And See—Shocking Mistake Regarding Ireland.
Mr. W. Fewings, 1, Woodbine Pl., Sidwell St., Exeter: Feeling Tired—"Trouble On Foot" Evidently.
Mr. A. Leonard, 19, Lennox Road, Worthing: Man Of Push—Never Waits For "Lift."
Mr. A. Ritchie, 28, South Street, Greenock: What Germans Believe—Won't Help Their "Salvation."
Mr. A. F. Gutler, 48, Imperial Road, Beeston, Notts: The German Navy—Good "Condition" For Peace
Mr. G. Walters, 71, Glamorgan St., Canton, Cardiff: Won't Come Out—But We'll Go In.
Mr. H. F. Marne, 75, Southwater Road, St. Leonard's: The German Navy—Won't Rescue "Sinking Ship."
Miss M. Phillips, Glynawen, Felinfoel, Llanelly, Carm. Talking Through Hat—"Thinking Cap" Not On.
Mr. A. Lester, 18, Crooked Bridge Road, Stafford: Wait And See—The Party System's "End."

10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

Sgt. W. Watson, Ord. Room, Grain Fort, Isle of Grain: What Germans Believe—They're "Feeding The Guns."
Mrs. J. Parrott, 29, Manfield Road, Northampton: When Bottomley Speaks—It's "Man To Man."
Mr. H. C. Dann, 46, Trafalgar Rd., Fairmont, Liverpool: Talking Through Hat—Honourable Peace Without Surrender.
Mr. J. Sherratt, 6, Hough Hill Road, Stalybridge: When Bottomley Speaks—He's Outspoken—Never Outtalked.
Mr. J. Breakwell, 21, Pembroke Street, Glasgow: Saying Good-bye—Skirt To Pavement.
Miss E. Moody, Holmes Chapel, Crewe: Man Of Push—Needs No "Prepared Positions." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. E. C. Edwardes, 145, Jeffcock Road, Wolverh'pton: When Bottomley Speaks—"Independent Air" With "Force."
Mr. J. Lovett, 1, Manchester Road, Walkden: Won't Come Out—Without Bodyguard—Profiteers Soon.
Mr. S. H. Harris, 73, Gordon Rd., Wanstead, London, E.: When Bottomley Speaks—Auditors Accept Statements Unchecked.
Mr. J. Paterson, 25, Digby Road, London, N.4.: Hobson's Choice—Exempted Man Joins Volunteers.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed ____ and Co. ____. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 304 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in John Bull *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Oct. 26, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull
Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.
In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Oct. 26, 1918.....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

Hilda and I reckoned——

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger Amounts pro rata.

"HILDA and I reckoned out what it would cost us to furnish our new house. But though we got everything we wanted without the slightest trouble, *we haven't spent nearly what we expected.* For, as luck would have it, we'd been advised to go to the 'Midland' Salons—and you'd be astonished at the amount we were able to save there; we had quite a big balance left."

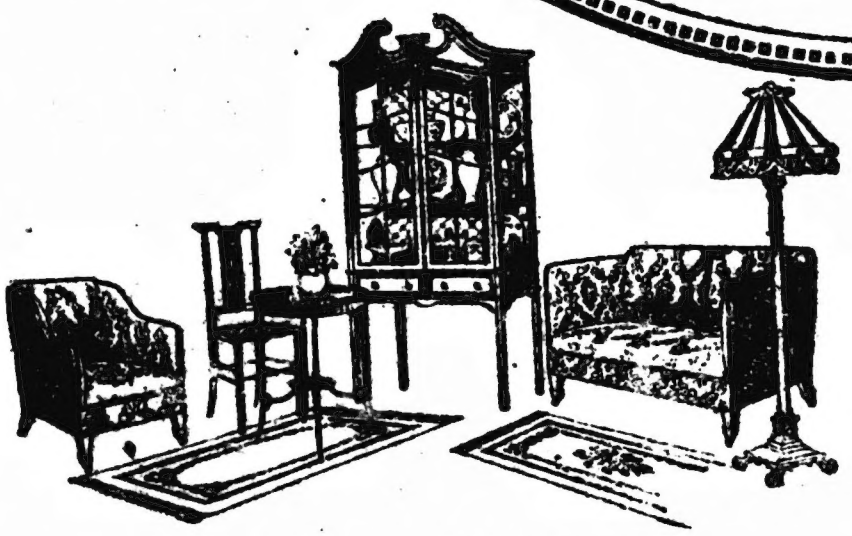
Money buys more at the "Midland."

In these times it is perfectly amazing what a variety of choice the "Midland" give you—over £100,000 of splendidly-made furniture, new and second-hand, of every design and style and period. And for sheer good value, there's nothing to *touch* the "Midland" prices. You get 10% discount for cash, and if you prefer to furnish out of income, on the **"Midland" Ideal Terms,** you can pay at your convenience without disturbing a single investment. The "Midland" give you Free Fire and Aircraft Insurance meanwhile, and charge not a penny for credit—no interest—no deposit—no extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is Insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director GEORGE MICHAEL. *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

HOW EVERYONE CAN RESTORE GREY HAIR.

A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. Gratis "Test" Treatment for All who Desire to Restore Youthful Hair Colour.

1,000,000 COMPLETE "ASTOL" OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

THERE is a wide gulf separating grey-haired women (and men, too) from those around them.

"Grey haired" is a stigma unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear the sign of old age, without the least need to. For grey hair has been conquered by the discovery of a wonderful new preparation, which is not a dye or stain, but actually, when applied to the hair, restores its true, original colour ***within*** the hair.

To women, particularly, who are grey, or turning grey, and who feel that, whilst so many men are keeping fit and well trained in the great British Army, they are getting older, this great discovery will appeal.

AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair poisoning dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness.

"Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natural colour by a simple "Few-Minutes-a-Day" method, which never fails.

"Astol," as the evidence of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, will immediately restore your lost hair colour.

This statement you are invited to test free of cost or obligation.

CONTENTS OF "ASTOL" FREE TRIAL PARCEL.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which, applied for a few minutes to the hair in the morning, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless, does not stain bed-linen, hats, etc., and is not a dye or stain. "Astol" re-builds the hair pigment or colour cells from within.

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp Cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of the interesting book "Good News for the Grey-Haired."

Readers will learn with interest that the discovery of 'Astol' is due to the inventor-discoverer of 'Harlene Hair Drill,' and the hundreds of thousands who have adopted this "Back-to-Youth" Astol method are now congratulating themselves that they have taken years from their appearance while greatly beautifying their hair.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

Grey-haired women (and men, too) are often surprised to find themselves left out of the pleasures of life. They are considered too old. Why not let "Astol" give you back that youthful appearance by permanently restoring your hair colour? "Astol" is not a dye or stain. It is quite colourless itself and yet gives back the full, rich, hair pigment. This statement you are asked to prove free of cost for yourself. Cut out and post the Coupon below, and a complete Astol Outfit will be sent you gratis immediately.

AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO "ASTOL."

no matter what is the cause of your greyness, whether it arises from effects of illness, worry, overwork, or from the natural advance of years. Even at 50 or 60 the pigment cells of the hair can be revived—and "Astol" will do it, for it has been proved beyond question in thousands of cases to be the unfailing remedy for greyness, from whatever cause arising.

Remember, "Astol" makes all the difference. Try it FREE.

COMMENCE NOW—DO NOT DELAY.

Send for your complete "Astol" Outfit. Test it freely and without obligation. Once you have seen how quickly "Astol" restores your hair colour, you can obtain further supplies from any chemist at 3s. and 5s. a bottle. "Cremex" 1s. 1½d. per box of seven packets, (single packets, 2d.), or direct on remittance of 6d. extra for postage from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE "ASTOL" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions as announced. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

John Bull, 26/10/18

Zambrene

"Triple-Triple" proof is the one reliable rubberless Raincoat

Officers on Active Service testify that ZAMBRENE "TRIPLE-TRIPLE" proof keeps out the rain as no other make will do.

Zambrene "Triple-Triple" proofs are guaranteed to be entirely free from any injurious oil or air proof interlining, and are therefore perfectly porous and hygienic.

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town

IT COSTS YOU £0 : 0 : 0

Our Clothes Renovation Service costs you nothing really, for your suits and overcoats last two or three times as long when you

SEND THEM TO THE

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and you always appear well groomed; trousers faultless; coats creaseless; no loose buttons or worn buttonholes; no spots or shabbiness. We clean, attend to minor repairs, re-shape and press in best West-end style for 7/6 per suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform. Yearly valet service at low charges. Write for particulars.

British Tailoring & Repairing Co.
34-38, Great College Street, London, N.W.1.
Telephones: North 2882, 2883.

Free collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad use parcel post. We post back free.

"Grousing"

Cheeriboy's Warisms, No. 10.

"Grousing," says Uncle Cheeriboy, "is a bad habit—only excusable in a soldier, for it's his privilege, and though he grouses he never shirks. Of course, if you are out-of-sorts you can't help grousing, but why not keep well like me and show a cheerful face to all comers? It's only Page Woodcock's Pills you want and the skies will always be blue."

Uncle Cheeriboy always hits the mark, and there's a wealth of sound advice in his last sentence. You can't smile, look bright or be happy when indigestion is rampant, when your stomach rebels, when the blood is impure, the liver sluggish, or the kidneys inactive. They are asking for **Page Woodcock's Pills,** and if you are wise you will take a course of this well-known British specific.

They make and keep you fit!
70 years' reputation.
Sold by all Chemists.
Have cured millions—Will cure you 1/3

Page Woodcock's Pills

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *and hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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